

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry sursetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,
And Humfrey with the Peeres be false at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath Puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

*Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Ellanor,
Cobham his wife.*

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,
What see'st thou Duke Humfrey King Henries Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?
Then what should'st thou lacke that might content thy minde?

Hum. My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,
To thinke of treasons gainst my Soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

Elnor. What dreame't my Lord? Good Humfrey tell it me,
And ile interpret it: and when that's done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreame't
That this my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush

Yorke and Lancaster.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,
Shall for the offence make forfet of his head.
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreame't,
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,
Stood ready to set it on my Princely head.

Hum. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife? belou'd of him?
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now, my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue
Ile keepe it to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your Grace, the King and Queen to morrow morning will ride a hawking to *S. Albones*, & craues your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

Exit Humfrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make some hop headlesse.
And being but a woman, ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse me thus:
Who is within there?

Enter sir Iohn Hum.

What Sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

B

Sir Iohn.